

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N<sup>o</sup>. 476.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

[PRICE 2d.

## THE MOONSTONE.

By the AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," &c. &c.

SECOND PERIOD. THE DISCOVERY OF THE TRUTH. (1848—1849.)

THIRD NARRATIVE.

THE NARRATIVE OF FRANKLIN BLAKE.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE not a word to say about my own sensations.

My impression is, that the shock inflicted on me completely suspended my thinking and feeling power. I certainly could not have known what I was about, when Betteredge joined me—for I have it on his authority that I laughed, when he asked what was the matter, and, putting the nightgown into his hands, told him to read the riddle for himself.

Of what was said between us on the beach, I have not the faintest recollection. The first place in which I can now see myself again plainly is the plantation of firs. Betteredge and I are walking back together to the house; and Betteredge is telling me that I shall be able to face it, and he will be able to face it, when we have had a glass of grog.

The scene shifts from the plantation, to Betteredge's little sitting-room. My resolution not to enter Rachel's house is forgotten. I feel gratefully the coolness and shadiness and quiet of the room. I drink the grog (a perfectly new luxury to me, at that time of day), which my good old friend mixes with icy-cool water from the well. Under any other circumstances, the drink would simply stupefy me. As things are, it strings up my nerves. I begin to "face it," as Betteredge has predicted. And Betteredge, on his side, begins to "face it," too.

The picture which I am now presenting of myself, will, I suspect, be thought a very strange one, to say the least of it. Placed in a situation which may, I think, be described as entirely without parallel, what is the first proceeding to which I resort? Do I seclude myself from all human society? Do I set my mind to analyse the abominable impossibility which, nevertheless, confronts me as an undeniable fact? Do I hurry back to London by the first train to consult the highest authorities, and to set a searching inquiry on foot immediately? No. I

accept the shelter of a house which I had resolved never to degrade myself by entering again; and I sit, tipping spirits and water in the company of an old servant, at ten o'clock in the morning. Is this the conduct that might have been expected from a man placed in my horrible position? I can only answer, that the sight of old Betteredge's familiar face was an inexpressible comfort to me, and that the drinking of old Betteredge's grog helped me, as I believe nothing else would have helped me, in the state of complete bodily and mental prostration into which I had fallen. I can only offer this excuse for myself; and I can only admire that invariable preservation of dignity, and that strictly logical consistency of conduct which distinguish every man and woman who may read these lines, in every emergency of their lives from the cradle to the grave.

"Now, Mr. Franklin, there's one thing certain, at any rate," said Betteredge, throwing the nightgown down on the table between us, and pointing to it as if it was a living creature that could hear him. "*He's* a liar, to begin with."

This comforting view of the matter was not the view that presented itself to my mind.

"I am as innocent of all knowledge of having taken the Diamond as you are," I said. "But there is the witness against me! The paint on the nightgown, and the name on the nightgown are facts."

Betteredge lifted my glass, and put it persuasively into my hand.

"Facts?" he repeated. "Take a drop more grog, Mr. Franklin, and you'll get over the weakness of believing in facts! Foul play, sir!" he continued, dropping his voice confidentially. "That is how I read the riddle. Foul play, somewhere—and you and I must find it out. Was there nothing else in the tin case, when you put your hand into it?"

The question instantly reminded me of the letter in my pocket. I took it out, and opened it. It was a letter of many pages, closely written. I looked impatiently for the signature at the end. "*Rosanna Spearman*."

As I read the name, a sudden remembrance illuminated my mind, and a sudden suspicion rose out of the new light.

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "*Rosanna Spearman* came to my aunt out of a Reformatory? *Rosanna Spearman* had once been a thief?"

"There's no denying that, Mr. Franklin. What of it now, if you please?"

"What of it now? How do we know she may not have stolen the Diamond after all? How do we know she may not have smeared my nightgown purposely with the paint——?"

Betteredge laid his hand on my arm, and stopped me before I could say any more.

"You will be cleared of this, Mr. Franklin, beyond all doubt. But I hope you won't be cleared in *that* way. See what the letter says, sir. In justice to the girl's memory, see what the letter says."

I felt the earnestness with which he spoke—felt it almost as a rebuke to me. "You shall form your own judgment on her letter," I said, "I will read it out."

I began—and read these lines:

"Sir—I have something to own to you. A confession which means much misery, may sometimes be made in very few words. This confession can be made in three words. I love you."

The letter dropped from my hand. I looked at Betteredge. "In the name of Heaven," I said, "what does it mean?"

He seemed to shrink from answering the question.

"You and Limping Lucy were alone together this morning, sir," he said. "Did she say nothing about Rosanna Spearman?"

"She never even mentioned Rosanna Spearman's name."

"Please to go back to the letter, Mr. Franklin. I tell you plainly, I can't find it in my heart to distress you, after what you have had to bear already. Let her speak for herself sir. And get on with your grog. For your own sake, get on with your grog."

I resumed the reading of the letter.

"It would be very disgraceful to me to tell you this, if I was a living woman when you read it. I shall be dead and gone, sir, when you find my letter. It is that which makes me bold. Not even my grave will be left to tell of me. I may own the truth—with the quicksand waiting to hide me when the words are written."

"Besides, you will find your nightgown in my hiding-place, with the smear of the paint on it; and you will want to know how it came to be hidden by me? and why I said nothing to you about it in my life-time? I have only one reason to give. I did these strange things, because I loved you."

"I won't trouble you with much about myself, or my life, before you came to my lady's house. Lady Verinder took me out of a reformatory. I had gone to the reformatory from the prison. I was put in the prison, because I was a thief. I was a thief, because my mother went on the streets when I was quite a little girl. My mother went on the streets, because the gentleman who was my father deserted her. There is no need to tell such a common story as this, at any length. It is told quite often enough in the newspapers."

"Lady Verinder was very kind to me, and Mr. Betteredge was very kind to me. Those two, and the matron at the reformatory are the only good people I have ever met with in all my life. I might have got on in my place—not happily—but I might have got on, if you had not come visiting. I don't blame *you*, sir. It's my fault—all my fault."

"Do you remember when you came out on us from among the sandhills, that morning, looking for Mr. Betteredge? You were like a prince in a fairy-story. You were like a lover in a dream. You were the most adorable human creature I had ever seen. Something that felt like the happy life I had never led yet, leapt up in me the instant I set eyes on you. Don't laugh at this, if you can help it. Oh, if I could only make you feel how serious it is to *me*!"

"I went back to the house, and wrote your name and mine in my work-box, and drew a true lovers' knot under them. Then, some devil—no, I ought to say some good angel—whispered to me, 'Go, and look in the glass.' The glass told me—never mind what. I was too foolish to take the warning. I went on getting fonder and fonder of you, just as if I was a lady in your own rank of life, and the most beautiful creature your eyes ever rested on. I tried—oh, dear, how I tried—to get you to look at me. If you had known how I used to cry at night with the misery and the mortification of your never taking any notice of me, you would have pitied me perhaps, and have given me a look now and then to live on."

"It would have been no very kind look, perhaps, if you had known how I hated Miss Rachel. I believe I found out you were in love with her, before you knew it yourself. She used to give you roses to wear in your button-hole. Ah, Mr. Franklin, you wore *my* roses oftener than either you or she thought! The only comfort I had at that time, was putting my rose secretly in your glass of water, in place of hers—and then throwing her rose away."

"If she had been really as pretty as you thought her, I might have borne it better. No; I believe I should have been more spiteful against her still. Suppose you put Miss Rachel into a servant's dress, and took her ornaments off——? I don't know what is the use of my writing in this way. It can't be denied that she had a bad figure; she was too thin. But who can tell what the men like? And young ladies may behave in a manner which would cost a servant her place. It's no business of mine. I can't expect you to read my letter, if I write it in this way. But it does stir one up to hear Miss Rachel called pretty, when one knows all the time that it's her dress does it, and her confidence in herself."

"Try not to lose patience with me, sir. I will get on as fast as I can to the time which is sure to interest you—the time when the Diamond was lost."

"But there is one thing which I have got it on my mind to tell you first."

"My life was not a very hard life to bear,

while I was a thief. It was only when they had taught me at the reformatory to feel my own degradation, and to try for better things, that the days grew long and weary. Thoughts of the future forced themselves on me now. I felt the dreadful reproach that honest people—even the kindest of honest people—were to me in themselves. A heart-breaking sensation of loneliness kept with me, go where I might, and do what I might, and see what persons I might. It was my duty, I know, to try and get on with my fellow-servants in my new place. Somehow, I couldn't make friends with them. They looked (or I thought they looked) as if they suspected what I had been. I don't regret, far from it, having been roused to make the effort to be a reformed woman—but, indeed, indeed it was a weary life. You had come across it like a beam of sunshine at first—and then you too failed me. I was mad enough to love you; and I couldn't even attract your notice. There was great misery—there really was great misery in that.

"Now I am coming to what I wanted to tell you. In those days of bitterness, I went two or three times, when it was my turn to go out, to my favourite place—the beach above the Shivering Sand. And I said to myself, 'I think it will end here. When I can bear it no longer, I think it will end here.' You will understand, sir, that the place had laid a kind of spell on me before you came. I had always had a notion that something would happen to me at the quicksand. But I had never looked at it, with the thought of its being the means of my making away with myself, till the time came of which I am now writing. Then I did think that here was a place which would end all my troubles for me in a moment or two—and hide me for ever afterwards.

"This is all I have to say about myself, reckoning from the morning when I first saw you, to the morning when the alarm was raised in the house that the Diamond was lost.

"I was so aggravated by the foolish talk among the women servants, all wondering who was to be suspected first; and I was so angry with you (knowing no better at that time) for the pains you took in hunting for the jewel, and sending for the police, that I kept as much as possible away by myself, until later in the day, when the officer from Frizinghall came to the house.

"Mr. Seegrave began, as you may remember, by setting a guard on the women's bedrooms; and the women all followed him up-stairs in a rage, to know what he meant by the insult he had put on them. I went with the rest, because if I had done anything different from the rest, Mr. Seegrave was the sort of man who would have suspected me directly. We found him in Miss Rachel's room. He told us he wouldn't have a lot of women there; and he pointed to the smear on the painted door, and said some of our petticoats had done the mischief, and sent us all down-stairs again.

"After leaving Miss Rachel's room, I stopped

a moment on one of the landings, by myself, to see if I had got the paint-stain by any chance on *my* gown. Penelope Betteredge (the only one of the women with whom I was on friendly terms) passed, and noticed what I was about.

"'You needn't trouble yourself, Rosanna,' she said. 'The paint on Miss Rachel's door has been dry for hours. If Mr. Seegrave hadn't set a watch on our bedrooms, I might have told him as much. I don't know what *you* think—I was never so insulted before in my life!'

"Penelope was a hot-tempered girl. I quieted her, and brought her back to what she had said about the paint on the door having been dry for hours.

"'How do you know that?' I asked.

"'I was with Miss Rachel, and Mr. Franklin, all yesterday morning,' Penelope said, 'mixing the colours, while they finished the door. I heard Miss Rachel ask whether the door would be dry that evening, in time for the birthday company to see it. And Mr. Franklin shook his head, and said it wouldn't be dry in less than twelve hours. It was long past luncheon-time—it was three o'clock before they had done. What does your arithmetic say, Rosanna? Mine says the door was dry by three this morning.'

"'Did some of the ladies go up-stairs yesterday evening to see it?' I asked. 'I thought I heard Miss Rachel warning them to keep clear of the door.'

"'None of the ladies made the smear,' Penelope answered. 'I left Miss Rachel in bed at twelve last night. And I noticed the door, and there was nothing wrong with it then.'

"'Oughtn't you to mention this to Mr. Seegrave, Penelope?'

"'I wouldn't say a word to help Mr. Seegrave for anything that could be offered to me!'

"She went to her work, and I went to mine.

"My work, sir, was to make your bed, and to put your room tidy. It was the happiest hour I had in the whole day. I used to kiss the pillow on which your head had rested all night. No matter who has done it since, you have never had your clothes folded as nicely as I folded them for you. Of all the little knick-knacks in your dressing-case, there wasn't one that had so much as a speck on it. You never noticed it, any more than you noticed me. I beg your pardon; I am forgetting myself. I will make haste, and go on again.

"Well, I went in that morning to do my work in your room. There was your night-gown tossed across the bed, just as you had thrown it off. I took it up to fold it—and I saw the stain of the paint from Miss Rachel's door!

"I was so startled by the discovery that I ran out, with the nightgown in my hand, and made for the back stairs, and locked myself into my own room, to look at it in a place where nobody could intrude and interrupt me.

"As soon as I got my breath again, I called to mind my talk with Penelope, and I said to

myself, 'Here's the proof that he was in Miss Rachel's sitting-room between twelve last night, and three this morning!'

"I shall not tell you in plain words what was the first suspicion that crossed my mind, when I had made that discovery. You would only be angry—and, if you were angry, you might tear my letter up and read no more of it.

"Let it be enough, if you please, to say only this. After thinking it over to the best of my ability, I made it out that the thing wasn't likely, for a reason that I will tell you. If you had been in Miss Rachel's sitting-room, at that time of night, with Miss Rachel's knowledge (and if you had been foolish enough to forget to take care of the wet door) *she* would have reminded you—*she* would never have let you carry away such a witness against her, as the witness I was looking at now! At the same time, I own I was not completely certain in my own mind that I had proved my own suspicion to be wrong. You will not have forgotten that I have owned to hating Miss Rachel. Try to think, if you can, that there was a little of that hatred in all this. It ended in my determining to keep the nightgown, and to wait, and watch, and see what use I might make of it. At that time, please to remember, not the ghost of an idea entered my head that *you* had stolen the Diamond."

There, I broke off in the reading of the letter for the second time.

I had read those portions of the miserable woman's confession which related to myself, with unaffected surprise, and, I can honestly add, with sincere distress. I had regretted, truly regretted, the aspersion which I had thoughtlessly cast on her memory, before I had seen a line of her letter. But when I had advanced as far as the passage which is quoted above, I own I felt my mind growing bitter and bitter against Rosanna Spearman as I went on. "Read the rest for yourself," I said, handing the letter to Betteredge across the table. "If there is anything in it that I *must* look at, you can tell me as you go on."

"I understand you, Mr. Franklin," he answered. "It's natural, sir, in *you*. And, God help us all!" he added, in a lower tone, "it's no less natural in *her*."

I proceed to copy the continuation of the letter from the original, in my own possession.

"Having determined to keep the nightgown, and to see what use my love, or my revenge (I hardly know which) could turn it to in the future, the next thing to discover was how to keep it without the risk of being found out.

"There was only one way—to make another nightgown exactly like it, before Saturday came, and brought the laundrywoman and her inventory to the house.

"I was afraid to put it off till the next day (the Friday); being in doubt lest some accident might happen in the interval. I determined to

make the new nightgown on that same day (the Thursday), while I could count, if I played my cards properly, on having my time to myself. The first thing to do (after locking up your nightgown in my drawer) was to go back to your bedroom—not so much to put it to rights (Penelope would have done that for me, if I had asked her) as to find out whether you had smeared off any of the paint-stain from your nightgown, on the bed, or on any piece of furniture in the room.

"I examined everything narrowly, and, at last, I found a few faint streaks of the paint on the inside of your dressing-gown—not the linen dressing-gown you usually wore in that summer season, but a flannel dressing-gown which you had with you also. I suppose you felt chilly after walking to and fro in nothing but your night dress, and put on the warmest thing you could find. At any rate, there were the stains, just visible, on the inside of the dressing-gown. I easily got rid of these by scraping away the stuff of the flannel. This done, the only proof left against you was the proof locked up in my drawer.

"I had just finished your room when I was sent for to be questioned by Mr. Seegrave, along with the rest of the servants. Next came the examination of all our boxes. And then followed the most extraordinary event of the day—to *me*—since I had found the paint on your nightgown. It came out of the second questioning of Penelope Betteredge by Superintendent Seegrave.

"Penelope returned to us quite beside herself with rage at the manner in which Mr. Seegrave had treated her. He had hinted, beyond the possibility of mistaking him, that he suspected her of being the thief. We were all equally astonished at hearing this, and we all asked, Why?"

"'Because the Diamond was in Miss Rachel's sitting-room,' Penelope answered. 'And because I was the last person in the sitting-room at night!'

"Almost before the words had left her lips, I remembered that another person had been in the sitting-room later than Penelope. That person was yourself. My head whirled round, and my thoughts were in dreadful confusion. In the midst of it all, something in my mind whispered to me that the smear on your nightgown might have a meaning entirely different to the meaning which I had given to it up to that time. 'If the last person who was in the room is the person to be suspected,' I thought to myself, 'the thief is not Penelope, but Mr. Franklin Blake!'

"In the case of any other gentleman, I believe I should have been ashamed of suspecting him of theft, almost as soon as the suspicion had passed through my mind.

"But the bare thought that you had let yourself down to my level, and that I, in possessing myself of your nightgown, had also possessed myself of the means of shielding you from being discovered, and disgraced for life—

I say, sir, the bare thought of this seemed to open such a chance before me of winning your good will, that I passed blindfold, as one may say, from suspecting to believing. I made up my mind, on the spot, that you had shown yourself the busiest of anybody in fetching the police, as a blind to deceive us all; and that the hand which had taken Miss Rachel's jewel could by no possibility be any other hand than yours.

"The excitement of this new discovery of mine must, I think, have turned my head for a while. I felt such a devouring eagerness to see you—to try you with a word or two about the Diamond, and to make you look at me, and speak to me, in that way—that I put my hair tidy, and made myself as nice as I could, and went to you boldly in the library where I knew you were writing.

"You had left one of your rings up-stairs, which made as good an excuse for my intrusion as I could have desired. But, oh, sir! if you have ever loved, you will understand how it was that all my courage cooled, when I walked into the room, and found myself in your presence. And then, you looked up at me so coldly, and you thanked me for finding your ring in such an indifferent manner, that my knees trembled under me, and I felt as if I should drop on the floor at your feet. When you had thanked me, you looked back, if you remember, at your writing. I was so mortified at being treated in this way, that I plucked up spirit enough to speak. 'I said, 'This is a strange thing about the Diamond, sir.' And you looked up again, and said, 'Yes, it is!' You spoke civilly (I can't deny that); but still you kept a distance—a cruel distance between us. Believing, as I did, that you had got the lost Diamond hidden about you, while you were speaking, your coolness so provoked me that I got bold enough, in the heat of the moment, to give you a hint. I said, 'They will never find the Diamond, sir, will they?' No! nor the person who took it—I'll answer for that.' I nodded, and smiled at you, as much as to say, 'I know!' This time, you looked up at me with something like interest in your eyes; and I felt that a few more words on your side and mine might bring out the truth. Just at that moment, Mr. Betteredge spoilt it all by coming to the door. I knew his footstep, and I also knew that it was against his rules for me to be in the library at that time of day—let alone being there along with you. I had only just time to get out of my own accord, before he could come in and tell me to go. I was angry and disappointed; but I was not entirely without hope for all that. The ice, you see, was broken between us—and I thought I would take care, on the next occasion, that Mr. Betteredge was out of the way.

"When I got back to the servants' hall, the bell was going for our dinner. Afternoon already! and the materials for making the new nightgown were still to be got! There was but one chance of getting them. I shammed ill at dinner; and so secured the whole of

the interval from then till tea-time to my own use.

"What I was about, while the household believed me to be lying down in my own room; and how I spent the night, after shamming ill again at tea-time, and having been sent up to bed, there is no need to tell you. Sergeant Cuff discovered that much, if he discovered nothing more. And I can guess how. I was detected (though I kept my veil down) in the draper's shop at Frizinghall. There was a glass in front of me, at the counter where I was buying the longcloth; and—in that glass—I saw one of the shopmen point to my shoulder and whisper to another. At night again, when I was secretly at work, locked into my room, I heard the breathing of the women servants who suspected me, outside my door.

"It didn't matter then; it doesn't matter now. On the Friday morning, hours before Sergeant Cuff entered the house, there was the new nightgown—to make up your number in place of the nightgown that I had got—made, wrung out, dried, ironed, marked, and folded as the laundry woman folded all the others, safe in your drawer. There was no fear (if the linen in the house was examined) of the newness of the nightgown betraying me. All your under-clothing had been renewed, when you came to our house—I suppose on your return home from foreign parts.

"The next thing was the arrival of Sergeant Cuff; and the next great surprise was the announcement of what he thought about the smear on the door.

"I had believed you to be guilty (as I have owned) more because I wanted you to be guilty than for any other reason. And now, the Sergeant had come round by a totally different way to the same conclusion as mine! And I had got the dress that was the only proof against you! And not a living creature knew it—yourself included! I am afraid to tell you how I felt when I called these things to mind—you would hate my memory for ever afterwards."

At that place, Betteredge looked up from the letter.

"Not a glimmer of light so far, Mr. Franklin," said the old man, taking off his heavy tortoiseshell spectacles, and pushing Rosanna Spearman's confession a little away from him. "Have you come to any conclusion, sir, in your own mind, while I have been reading?"

"Finish the letter first, Betteredge; there may be something to enlighten us at the end of it. I shall have a word or two to say to you after that."

"Very good, sir. I'll just rest my eyes, and then I'll go on again. In the meantime, Mr. Franklin—I don't want to hurry you—but would you mind telling me, in one word, whether you see your way out of this dreadful mess yet?"

"I see my way back to London," I said, "to consult Mr. Bruff. If he can't help me——"

"Yes, sir?"

"And if the Sergeant won't leave his retirement at Dorking—"

"He won't, Mr. Franklin!"

"Then, Betteredge—as far as I can see now—I am at the end of my resources. After Mr. Bruff and the Sergeant, I don't know of a living creature who can be of the slightest use to me."

As the words passed my lips, some person outside knocked at the door of the room.

Betteredge looked surprised as well as annoyed by the interruption.

"Come in," he called out, irritably, "whoever you are!"

The door opened, and there entered to us, quietly, the most remarkable-looking man I had ever seen. Judging him by his figure and his movements, he was still young. Judging him by his face, and comparing him with Betteredge, he looked the elder of the two. His complexion was of a gipsy darkness; his fleshless cheeks had fallen into deep hollows, over which the bone projected like a penthouse. His nose presented the fine shape and modelling so often found among the ancient people of the East, so seldom visible among the newer races of the West. His forehead rose high and straight from the brow. His marks and wrinkles were innumerable. From this strange face, eyes, stranger still, of the softest brown—eyes dreamy and mournful, and deeply sunk in their orbits—looked out at you, and (in my case, at least) took your attention captive at their will. Add to this a quantity of thick closely-curling hair, which, by some freak of Nature, had lost its colour in the most startlingly partial and capricious manner. Over the top of his head it was still of the deep black which was its natural colour. Round the sides of his head—without the slightest gradation of grey to break the force of the extraordinary contrast—it had turned completely white. The line between the two colours preserved no sort of regularity. At one place, the white hair ran up into the black; at another, the black hair ran down into the white. I looked at the man with a curiosity which, I am ashamed to say, I found it quite impossible to control. His soft brown eyes looked back at me gently; and he met my involuntary rudeness in staring at him, with an apology which I was conscious that I had not deserved.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I had no idea that Mr. Betteredge was engaged." He took a slip of paper from his pocket, and handed it to Betteredge. "The list for next week," he said. His eyes just rested on me again—and he left the room as quietly as he had entered it.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Mr. Candy's assistant," said Betteredge. "By-the-bye, Mr. Franklin, you will be sorry to hear that the little doctor has never recovered that illness he caught, going home from the birthday dinner. He's pretty well in health; but he lost his memory in the fever, and he has never recovered more than the wreck of it

since. The work all falls on his assistant. Not much of it now, except among the poor. They can't help themselves, you know. They must put up with the man with the piebald hair, and the gipsy complexion—or they would get no doctoring at all."

"You don't seem to like him, Betteredge?"

"Nobody likes him, sir."

"Why is he so unpopular?"

"Well, Mr. Franklin, his appearance is against him, to begin with. And then there's a story that Mr. Candy took him with a very doubtful character. Nobody knows who he is—and he hasn't a friend in the place. How can you expect one to like him, after that?"

"Quite impossible, of course! May I ask what he wanted with you, when he gave you that bit of paper?"

"Only to bring me the weekly list of the sick people about here, sir, who stand in need of a little wine. My lady always had a regular distribution of good sound port and sherry among the infirm poor; and Miss Rachel wishes the custom to be kept up. Times have changed! times have changed! I remember when Mr. Candy himself brought the list to my mistress. Now it's Mr. Candy's assistant who brings the list to me. I'll go on with the letter, if you will allow me, sir," said Betteredge, drawing Rosanna Spearman's confession back to him. "It isn't lively reading, I grant you. But, there! it keeps me from getting sour with thinking of the past." He put on his spectacles, and wagged his head gloomily. "There's a bottom of good sense, Mr. Franklin, in our conduct to our mothers, when they first start us on the journey of life. We are all of us more or less unwilling to be brought into the world. And we are all of us right."

Mr. Candy's assistant had produced too strong an impression on me to be immediately dismissed from my thoughts. I passed over the last unanswerable utterance of the Betteredge philosophy; and returned to the subject of the man with the piebald hair.

"What is his name?" I asked.

"As ugly a name as need be," Betteredge answered, gruffly. "Ezra Jennings."

#### AGUE AND ITS CAUSE.

THAT of ten places comes malaria, and that of malaria comes ague, the world has long known. It is only very lately that science has made the great step of discovering why this is. In the early ages men attributed the effects of malaria to the anger of the gods. The poetic fancy of the Greek idealised our marsh demon in the Python killed by Apollo, and the many-headed Hydra of the German swamp destroyed by Hercules. Varro and others of his time watching the effects of malaria in and around Rome (as one may do to this day), ascribed marsh fevers to the presence in the air of "innumerable hordes of imperceptible insects which, leaving the marshes, enter the body in

respiration." Wiser men than they have been much further from the truth.

When I practised medicine in the fens, I was struck by the fact—as doubtless many others have been—that whenever any of the damp black earth is turned up, whether in cutting "turfs" or dykes, or otherwise left exposed to dry in the sun, it becomes covered with a distinct white or greyish film. On asking what this was, I was told that it was the efflorescence of the salts of the soil. Examination under the microscope satisfied me that it was not, but being at the time a young and unpractised microscopist, I did not guess what it was, further than that it consisted of a congeries of simple nucleated cells. In January, 1866, Dr. Salisbury, an American physician of note, published, in the *American Journal of Science*, a most interesting detail of elaborate experiments upon this subject. Thereby at last the real nature of malaria seems to have been ascertained.

The fertile source of desolation and disease consists of incalculable myriads of microscopic cells suspended in the atmosphere over waste, marshy, and fen districts. They are minute oblong cells, single or aggregated, and have a distinct nucleus with a very clear interspace, apparently empty, between it and the cell wall. They are of an algoid type, strongly resembling the palmella, and are consequently among the lowest organisms known to us. Sometimes several of these cells, or spores, are contained in an outer cell wall or delicate investing membrane to form a plant. Of these "ague plants" is formed that film on the soil to which I have alluded; and their spores or minute seeds—germinating cells—rise into the air carrying pestilence with them. These spores may, I believe, always be found in the expectoration of people who have really been seized with ague.

There are several species of the "ague plant," which has been called, from the Greek for earth and the word miasma, *Gemiasma*. There are a whiter and a yellowish green variety, occurring usually on a non-calcareous soil, and producing agues of but slight intensity. To the best of my knowledge the white is the only variety with which we are now afflicted in England; what other species the fen men of old time, who had but an aguish time of it, suffered from when "slimy things did crawl with legs" on the quaking morass, when the coot, and bittern, and plaintive sedge-bird hovered around Whittlesea Mere, and patches of primeval forest still stood on the steaming ground, nobody knows, and nobody ever will know. There are also a red, a green, and a lead-coloured variety, and one singular species the "*Gemiasma protuberans*," which has larger spores than the others, and consists of groups of jelly-like protuberances. These latter kinds habitually occur on rich calcareous soils, and produce fevers of a dangerous and congestive character. These cells with their spores produce visible incrustations or moulds upon the surface of recently

exposed marsh. The red species causes the soil to appear as if sprinkled with fine brick-dust; while of the whiter a familiar instance occurs in the milewed appearance of freshly disturbed fen earth.

The danger from these growths is greatest in a hot dry season following a wet one. The wetter the season and the hotter, the better is it for malaria; the worse for man. In India, it is during the extreme heat, immediately after the rains have ceased, that it is most deadly. At this time the poison is so intense in some districts that whole tracts of land are deserted. In Bishop Heber's *Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India*, speaking of the vast forests of the Terai, he says: "Not the monkey only, but everything that has the breath of life, instinctively deserts them from the beginning of April to the end of October. The tigers go up to the hills, and the antelopes and wild hogs make incursions into the plain; and those persons, such as dák bearers and military officers who are obliged to traverse the forest in the intervening months, agree that not so much as a bird can be heard or seen in all the frightful solitude." He also speaks of having noticed a dense white mist brooding in the hollows of the jungle, which the natives call "essence of owl." This fact I shall advert to again. An example, showing that decaying vegetation has nothing whatever to do with the production of the fungoid marsh poison, but only the alternation of moisture and heat acting usually on a peculiar soil, I take from a paper by Dr. Ferguson, On the *Nature and History of the Marsh Poison*, in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*. "In 1809 several regiments of our army in Spain took up an encampment in a hilly ravine, which had lately been a watercourse. Pools of water still remained here and there among the rocks, so pure that the soldiers were anxious to bivouac near them for the sake of using the water. Several of the men were seized with violent intermittent fever before they could move from the bivouac the next morning.

"After the battle of Talavera, the English army retreated along the course of the Guadiana river, into the plains of Estremadura. The country was so dry for want of rain, that the Guadiana itself, and all the smaller streams had in fact ceased to be streams, and were no more than lines of detached pools in the courses that had formerly been rivers. The troops there suffered from intermittent fevers of such malignity that the enemy, and all Europe believed that the British host was extirpated."

In England, we know comparatively little of this wide-spread pestilence, which desolates so considerable a part of the earth's surface. Formerly, agues were common and dangerous even here. Both James the First and Cromwell died of agues caught in London: and it is only within a few years past that our fen counties became as healthy as they are now.

Our marsh demon is the veritable "pestilence that walketh in darkness." It seems

almost certain that the poison, the spore of the "ague-plant," only rises into the atmosphere with the evening dews. Microscopically tested the day air is free from these organisms. Two labourers, A and B, shall traverse the same fen district, both in an equal state of health; but A shall go through it in the day, and B in the night when the mist is rising. A returns home, eats his pork and onion with a relish, and smokes his post-prandial pipe with much contentment. But malaria seizes on B, makes his throat sore, and causes his limbs to ache. He yawns and shivers, and comes home wretched and ill.

All fenny districts that are not intensely malarial, are comparatively harmless in the day time, and hurtful only when the innumerable spores of the "ague plants," that cling throughout the day to the soil, rise at night, and are suspended in the cold vapours which hover over the surface of such regions. But in all malarious districts, to sleep at night in the open air is almost to ensure an attack of the disease. It is a fact notorious to seamen that when off a malarious coast, the sailors can go on shore during the day with impunity, but not at night. Here is an instance recorded by Dr. Lind, an old navy surgeon. In 1766, H.M.S. *Phoenix* was returning from the coast of Guinea. Both officers and men were perfectly healthy until they touched at the Island of St. Thomas. Nearly all went on shore, but sixteen of the crew remained several nights on the island. Every one of the sixteen was seized by the disorder, and thirteen of them died. The rest of the crew, two hundred and eighty in number, who went on shore at intervals, but who were never there during the night, entirely escaped sickness. The reapers in the Campo Morto—ominously, but aptly, named part of the Maremma—are allowed to sleep for two hours at noon. This they do without danger. But it is quite another thing when the evening dews are falling on the earth that forms their bed. It is then that the poisonous mist wraps them in its deadly winding-sheet. Those who travel through the Pontine marshes, ought always to do so by day, if they have a wholesome fear of the marsh demon before their eyes. "In such countries," as Sir Thomas Watson racily says, "'Early to bed' is always a good and wholesome rule, but the other half of the proverb, 'Early to rise,' becomes a most unsafe precept," that is, if early rising implies leaving the house early. People may (and do) become seasoned to malaria; become so inured to it that it no longer produces its specific effects upon them; but they pay dearly for their seasoning in the degenerated physique and dull incapable mind that usually characterises the inhabitant of a malarious district. In the fens of Cambridgeshire, immense quantities of alcohol and opium are taken by the inhabitants to correct the depressing tendency of the atmosphere.

In different parts of the world these cryptogamic spores rise in the night mists to different but definite heights. In Ohio, Dr. Salisbury

says they seldom rise above from thirty-five to sixty-five feet above the low levels. In England they do not rise more than from fifteen to thirty feet. The spores and cells are found throughout these vapours, but do not extend above them; and they occur in the greatest abundance in their upper strata. Three men, dwellers in aguish places, shall live at different elevations; one, down in the marsh, on the low level; one, on the hill side, thirty or forty feet above; the third, fifty feet higher than either. Some autumn evening all three issue out and sit at the doors of their respective huts. The mist rises from the marsh. In due time the one living at the lowest level is taken very ill, the one living next above him is taken very much worse, while the third, whose house is highest, suffers nothing, until in an evil moment he goes down by night to look after his neighbours, and then he too is laid by the heels.

It has long been known that a certain elevation gives a sure immunity from intermittents; and in the neighbourhood of the Pontine marshes we see the villages perched curiously on the intervening hills. Near the city of Lancaster, U.S., resided a certain Mr. and Mrs. C. Their house was on the edge of a low terrace and elevated about thirty feet from the marshy soil around it; there called "the prairie bottom." About the middle of August, workmen were excavating in this marshy soil. The workmen soon began to fall with the ague; at last nearly all were attacked. On September 1, Mr. C. was seized with it, and on September 3, Mrs. C. likewise. The children all remained quite well. On examining the excavation, the recently disturbed soil was found covered with "ague plants." Mr. C. stated that he and his wife slept in a room on the lower floor, usually with their windows open; while their children, seven in number, slept in the second floor over their own room. He also stated that early every morning he noticed that "the fog" from the excavation ground extended towards the house, rose about two-thirds of the way up the first story, and freely entered the window of his room, but he had never noticed it to rise as high as the room where his children slept. "The fog" dissipated very early in the morning before the children were up. He had lived there forty years and none of his family had had ague before. This shows how precisely the height to which the poisonous mist rises may sometimes be estimated.

Intermittent fever or ague has actually been intentionally produced in the bodies of men by causing them to inhale the spores of these algae, unknown to themselves; the men experimented on were exposed to no possible source of ague, but the one devised specially for them.

Dr. Salisbury tells how he unintentionally victimised one of his friends. After exhibiting a large piece of soil covered with the plants of the gemiasma to his class during lecture, he placed it under a table in the office of his friend Dr. House. It was loosely covered with a

newspaper, and forgotten. In a few days the doctor suffered from a well-marked paroxysm of ague.

It has long been known that malaria is movable by the wind; and this is quite in accordance with what we now know of its nature. The spores of the "ague plants," having risen and become entangled in the mist, spores, mist and all, are blown along together far, perhaps, from the place where they originated. This fact admits of considerable practical application, especially in tropical countries, where the wind usually blows for a long time from the same quarter. This, too, explains the apparent exceptions to the rule, that malaria never rises above the ground. It is easy to see how a volume of fog or vapour, laden with its deadly burden of poison cells, may roll up and hang suspended on the side of a hill, towards which a wind blows from or across an adjacent marsh. Instances, indeed, have occurred where the poisonous vapour has been blown over a hill, and deposited on the other side of it, to the unmitigated disgust of the inhabitants, who fondly imagined themselves secure from the visits of their pestilential neighbour. Lancisi tells how thirty ladies and gentlemen sailed to Ostia, at the Tiber's mouth, on a mediæval picnic. All went gloriously as a picnic should, until suddenly the breeze shifted to the south, and began to blow over a marshy tract of land to windward of them, at a time when they were running very close in shore. Twenty-nine of the thirty were at once taken down with ague. The one man who escaped had to finish his part in the day's pleasure with sole charge of the navigation of a boat-load of fever patients.

The poison of malaria cannot extend its influence over even a narrow surface of water. I have already given one instance in the quotation from Dr. Lind. Here is another, from Sir Gilbert Blane. Speaking of the disastrous Walcheren expedition, when intermittents decimated the troops on shore, he says, "Not only the crews of the ships in Flushing roads were entirely free from the endemic, but also the guard-ships which were stationed in the narrow channel between Walcheren and Beveland. The width of this channel is about six thousand feet, yet, though some of the ships lay much nearer to one shore than to the other, there was no instance of any of the men or officers being taken ill with the same disorder as that with which the troops were affected." It is very possible, nay, probable, that the vapour and its poisonous contents are absorbed by the water over which it passes; and if it be so, we shall need no longer to seek an explanation of the fact that water in some places and at various times apparently induces the fever when drunk. Merely the drawing of a moat around a house in a poisonous locality is often an effectual safeguard.

Another remarkable peculiarity of the marsh poison is its attraction towards, or adherence to, the foliage of large leafy trees. A belt of trees round a house in a malarious district affords

considerable protection; but it is dangerous in such places to go under the trees: much more dangerous to sleep under them. A friend of mine who lately owned a large plantation in Berbice, tells me that New Amsterdam, in that district, is situated to the leeward of a vast and swampy forest. The town lies right in the track of a trade wind that blows over it through the forest, leaving with it the putrid scent of the marsh. Intermittent is unknown. It is, however, an understood fact that to go into the forest after nightfall, would be almost inevitably fatal; also, that to cut down the trees would be to compel the evacuation of the town.

Ague was once considered by some people a preservative of health. Sir Thomas Watson tells how Dr. James Sims, a London physician, felt convinced, at the beginning of his last illness, that he should get well if he could but catch an ague. So down he went into the fens, ague-hunting; but after a time he returned, bitterly complaining that the country was spoiled by draining, and that there were no agues to catch. Louis the Eleventh, who had more piety—as times went—than brains, prayed to the Lady of Selles that in the plenitude of her grace she would confer upon him a quartan ague. The notion of engaging one disorder to drive out another is so far from being itself absurd, that—to say nothing of vaccination—it is a part of the groundwork of the whole practice of medicine. The chief purpose in giving physic is to produce one unnatural condition more or less inconsistent with the permanence of some other unhealthy condition which is held to be more dangerous or troublesome.

The fact that the spores of the gemiasma produce ague, is not by any means the only instance in which disease has been traced to a fungoid origin. At a recent meeting of the Pathological Society (March 3rd) Mr Simon stated on behalf of Dr. Hallier, of Jena, that he had probably discovered the origin of typhus, small-pox, and four other diseases, in peculiar and definite fungi developed in the blood. It was Dr. Hallier, also, who last year supposed the proximate cause of cholera to be of this nature, and also, with all reason and demonstration of experiment to confirm his opinion, attributed it to the *Arcocystis occulta*, a fungus analogous to that producing "the blight" in rice. Dr. Flint finds that a fungus peculiar to straw will induce a genuine attack of the measles, though he does not at present insist that the straw fungus is the only source of that complaint. Hay asthma is caused, I believe, invariably by the inhalation of the spores of a fungus produced during the fermentation of hay in the process of drying. Dr. Salisbury has a paper in the current number of the American Journal of Science, on the fungoid origin of two other important diseases. The pollen and volatile principles of many actively flowering plants produce a sensible and sometimes very severe impression even where insensibly inhaled. In passing through a field of flowering hops, of lettuce, of poppies, of spotted hemlock, of

tobacco, or stramonium, or near a plant of rhus vernix, the poison ivy, symptoms peculiar to the action of each plant are soon produced.

### A DEBT OF HONOUR.

DESIRING to record in this Journal, in the plainest and simplest manner possible, certain words publicly spoken by its Conductor on a recent occasion, we present the following extract from the latest-published copies of AMERICAN NOTES, and MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. It is entitled,

#### "POSTSCRIPT.

"At a public dinner given to me on Saturday the 18th of April, 1868, in the City of New York, by two hundred representatives of the Press of the United States of America, I made the following observations among others:

"So much of my voice has lately been heard in the land, that I might have been contented with troubling you no further from my present standing-point, were it not a duty with which I henceforth charge myself, not only here but on every suitable occasion, whatsoever and where-soever, to express my high and grateful sense of my second reception in America, and to bear my honest testimony to the national generosity and magnanimity. Also, to declare how astounded I have been by the amazing changes I have seen around me on every side, changes moral, changes physical, changes in the amount of land subdued and peopled, changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the Press, without whose advancement no advancement can take place anywhere. Nor am I, believe me, so arrogant as to suppose that in five-and-twenty years there have been no changes in me, and that I had nothing to learn and no extreme impressions to correct when I was here first. And this brings me to a point on which I have, ever since I landed in the United States last November, observed a strict silence, though sometimes tempted to break it, but in reference to which I will, with your good leave, take you into my confidence now. Even the Press, being human, may be occasionally mistaken or misinformed, and I rather think that I have in one or two rare instances observed its information to be not strictly accurate with reference to myself. Indeed, I have, now and again, been more surprised by printed news that I have read of myself, than by any printed news that I have ever read in my present state of existence. Thus, the vigour and perseverance with which I have for some months past been collecting materials for, and hammering away at, a new book on America has much astonished me; seeing that all that time my declaration has been perfectly well known to my publishers on both sides of the Atlantic, that no consideration on earth would induce me to write one. But what I have intended, what I have resolved

upon (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you) is, on my return to England in my own person, in my own Journal, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. Also, to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here and the state of my health. This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be republished, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honour."

"I said these words with the greatest earnestness that I could lay upon them, and I repeat them in print with equal earnestness. So long as this book shall last, I hope that they will form a part of it, and will be fairly read as inseparable from my experiences and impressions of America.

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"May, 1868."

### TWO TIPS.

ALTHOUGH not a betting man, and notwithstanding the fact of my having spent upwards of twenty years in the East, I have, like every other Englishman, always taken an interest in our great national feast day—the day on which we celebrate the festival of St. Derby. The first commemoration of this annual holiday that I can recollect was, I think, in 1828 or '29. I was taken to Epsom, and although I do not remember any particulars connected with the event, I recollect perfectly that the winner was a horse called The Colonel, belonging to Mr. Petre, uncle of the present peer of that name. The last Derby I saw was some forty years later, in 1867, when Hermit showed in front so unexpectedly, and his owner netted a fortune. I went to India the year Bay Middleton won the blue ribbon of the turf. I heard of the Running Rein and Leander scandal at the Cape of Good Hope, and I got back to England just in time to see Merry Monarch run off with the great prize, and to hear the trial, Orlando *versus* Running Rein, connected with the turf fraud of the previous year, in which no less than four barristers, who are now judges (Messrs. Cockburn, Lush, Kelly, and Martin), and one (Thesiger) who has been Lord Chancellor, were counsel on one side or the other.

Connected with Merry Monarch's year (1845) a curious incident befell a near relative of mine, who was in those days a very wild subaltern in a crack cavalry corps, but is now an officer of standing and rank in the army. We were

coming out of the Army and Navy Club on the night before the race, when a shabby-genteel looking man asked us for charity, saying he had not the wherewith to pay for a night's lodging. My companion gave the man a shilling, and stopped to ask him some questions about himself. It turned out that this now homeless being had once been an officer in the army, but had been ruined in health, pocket, and reputation by gambling and drink. He told his tale with considerable shame, but without making any excuse for himself, and the interview ended by my relation giving him a sovereign and telling him to call on him two days later, when he would try if something could not be done in the way of permanently assisting him.

The next morning we started for Epsom. About an hour before the race was to be run, as I was wandering about amongst the carriages, I was touched on the arm by the same man who had begged of us in Piccadilly the night before. He lifted his hat as respectfully as a groom would have done, and asked me whether I was a betting man, "because if you are, sir, and will follow my advice at once, you may make any fortune you like to name." I replied that I had neither money nor head for betting, but that my companion, who had given him the sovereign the night before, had a heavy book on the race. "Well, sir," the man went on, "find out your friend at once, and tell him to take all the odds he can get against Merry Monarch. The horse is now at a hundred to one. Everybody believes that he is not intended to win, and that his owner, Mr. Gratwicke, will merely start him to make the running for his other horse, Doleful. But I know for a fact that if Merry Monarch once gets fairly off, they can't help his winning." The man was so persistent, that I consented to go and look for my relative, and soon found him in the betting-ring. At first, he laughed at my credulity, but was at last persuaded to risk a hundred pounds on the horse. The odds against Merry Monarch being at one hundred to one, in laying out one hundred pounds, my relation stood a chance of winning ten thousand. In half an hour the horses had started, Merry Monarch was in first at the finish, and instead of being a loser, my relation was a net winner of eight thousand pounds. But strange to say, we never saw the shabby man again. We put several advertisements in the Times and other papers, stating that if the person who spoke to two gentlemen in Piccadilly the night before the Derby, and who the next day gave them some good advice about the winning horse on the Downs, would call or write to such an address, he would hear something very much to his advantage. These advertisements were inserted from time to time for nearly a year, but not a word did we ever get in reply to them.

I had gone back to India, had remained there seven or eight years, had served in the Crimea, had been through a great part of the Indian mutiny, and had at last sold out of the army, married, and settled down. My relative had

risen in the service, and was on the staff at Corfu, where I went out to pass part of the winter of 1859-60 with him. We then joined in a yacht voyage to the coast of Syria. By the time we reached Beyrout we must have been at least a month behindhand in European news. Accordingly we sent up our compliments to Mr. Moore, then the obliging consul-general in Syria, and asked him if he could lend us any newspapers. Mr. Moore at once sent us down a number of Galignani's, and two dozen copies of the Times, apologising at the same time that the latter were so old.

It has always been a habit of mine to read what is called the agony column of the Times. Following my habit, I was dreamily conning over that column of a paper at least two months old, when I came upon the following advertisement:

#### IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE

of the gentleman who ON THE EVE OF THE DERBY IN 1845 gave a beggar in Piccadilly a sovereign, and who followed that beggar's advice about BACKING MERRY MONARCH, he is requested to communicate by letter with R. H., at Messrs. Lincoln and Sons, Solicitors, 101, Gray's Inn, London.

My relation felt certain that at last it would be in his power to help a man who had put so much money into his pocket. He wrote at once to the address named.

But, as betting-men say, the boot was on the other leg. Our old pauper acquaintance, instead of wanting to ask charity, was hoping to confer another favour upon those who had saved him from starvation on the eve of the Derby in 1845. When we got to Malta we found a long letter waiting for us from Richard Hutchins, Esq., of Halse Hall, Hants—for such was his present style and address. It appeared that the day after the race he actually went to Lane's Hotel to call on my relative, but finding that he was not yet up went away, intending to call again later. But the paper of the day, contained an advertisement from a gentleman, who intended to travel and trade in the Dutch East Indies, wanting a clerk who could read, write, and speak the language of that country, as well as French and English. Richard Hutchins happened to know both Dutch and French as well as he knew his own tongue. He applied immediately for the place; and although he had no reference to give, got the situation at once, and in twenty-four hours was on his way to his destination. To provide what was requisite in the way of outfit, his new master advanced him twenty pounds, so that he had no need to ask help from any one. The salary he got was liberal, his expenses were very small indeed, and about 1852—just at the time when the gold-digging mania had broken out in Australia—he was enabled to emigrate to that colony, taking with him some five or six hundred pounds of savings, which he invested in building-lots in and about Melbourne. Most persons have heard how property of this sort increased eighty and a hundred fold in a few months.

The purchases made by Hutchins were so judiciously selected, that he was able in half a dozen years to realise a large fortune, with which he had come home and bought an estate in his own country. On my return to England I went down to see him, at his earnest request, and found him living the life of a country gentleman, much respected in his neighbourhood, and with an income of some two thousand five hundred to three thousand pounds a year. His object in advertising had been to see whether my relation was in want of money, and if so, to give him a thousand pounds to put himself right in the world. I often see Mr. Hutchins, either at his own place or in London, and he frequently talks of the time when he begged his bread from us at the corner of Piccadilly.

Now for another reminiscence.

When the Derby of 1844 was about to be run, there were two horses in the race between which it was said to be a certainty. These were Leander and Running Rein. Both were suspected of being more than three years old, and by degrees betting men became sure that some treachery had been at work, and both horses, although allowed to start, did so under protest. The late Lord George Bentinck and General (then Colonel) Peel, in common with every judge of a horse who had seen these animals, felt certain that they were both four years old, and consequently had no business to run in a three-year-old race. Just before the race Running Rein lashed out behind, and caught Leander on the knee, which was smashed so completely that the brute had to be shot there and then. Having thus rid himself of the only really dangerous foe, Running Rein won the race in a canter, the second horse being Colonel Peel's Orlando. The colonel determined to try the case in a court of law, and towards the latter end of 1844, the celebrated trial of Orlando versus Running Rein was heard before the late Baron Alderson, in Westminster Hall. Here it was proved beyond doubt that Running Rein was in reality a horse called Maccabeus; that he was foaled in 1840, and that the swindle had been concocted and carried out by a certain Mr. Abraham Levi Goodman, who, with his confederates, had hoped by this robbery to make a profit of some fifty thousand pounds. This was the trial in which Messrs. Cockburn, Lush, Martin, and Kelly, besides the present Lord Chelmsford, were engaged as counsel. The second horse, Orlando, was declared to be the winner of the stakes.

Two days after the race was run, a friend of mine, who had laid the odds against Running Rein, and who firmly believed he had lost his money, was accosted in the Regent-street Quadrant by a Jew boy, who put into his hands a very dirty note, and then bolted down Air-street. The epistle was folded without being put in an envelope, and in it was written in a very schoolboy-like hand:

HONORED SIR,—You oncest did me and my missus a good turn, and i vant to doo you the same,

running rene is an impostur, an he vont get the derby staks, bets must go with staks. I noes all and I meen peeching; by all the bets on orlando as you kan and you will make a fortin, no more at present from your servant,

A. SIMMONS,  
formerly your helper at Crick.

At first my friend thought this a hoax, but after a time he remembered that some two years previously, when he made Crick his head-quarters, in order to be near at hand to hunt in "the shires," he had a stable-helper called Simmons, and that on one occasion, when an execution for rent was put in the cottage of this man, he had at the cost of five pounds saved him from ruin. He had since heard that the man had taken service in a racing stable at Northampton, and putting these facts together, he had come to the conclusion that there might be knowledge as well as good intention in the advice he had received. On going down to "The Corner" (as Tattersall's was familiarly called, before it was moved from Grosvenor-place to Albert Gate) that afternoon, he heard that the doubts about Running Rein's identity were being gradually removed, and that it was not unlikely Orlando would, after all, be declared the winner of the Derby. Acting upon this information, he bought, or caused to be bought up, all the bets in favour of the second horse. Orlando had stood at five to one just before the race was run, and by an investment of some four thousand pounds, my friend stood to win twenty thousand pounds if Running Rein was declared to be an impostor. He determined to go as far as he had money to help him, and found he could buy up the bets at a very moderate rate. In less than a week he had laid out his money on what he very rightly considered a certainty, and by the time the Law Courts had come to a decision, even allowing for a few bad debts, he had realised rather better than eighteen thousand pounds on the event of the Derby for 1844.

It is a curious circumstance that "the blue ribbon of the turf" (a name given to the great Derby prize by Mr. Disraeli, I believe, when in 1848 he tried to console Lord George Bentinck for Surplice having won the race just after Lord George had sold the horse) has in modern days never fallen to the lot of any of our great statesmen, although at least three have tried for it, and of these three, two did so again and again. Lord Palmerston thought he had a very fair chance with Mainstone; Lord Derby is said to have made winning the race that bears his name the great object of his life at one time, and, like Lord George Bentinck, spared neither time, nor money, nor care to achieve his end. But all in vain. It seems that parliamentary, or ministerial, and turf honours are not to be won by the same person in these realms. Lord George Bentinck's was a particularly hard case. As he acknowledged himself, he had been trying all his life to win the Derby, but had failed. And when at last, in order to devote all his energies to his legis-

lative duties, he sold off his stud, one of the horses which he had just parted with, the famous Surplice, won the very next Derby.

## LEAVES FROM THE MAHOGANY TREE.

### CONCERNING PIES.

COLUMBUS discovered a world—granted; but what is Columbus to the man who first made a pie? That *was* a man—that was creative genius, if you like. That man, that pie-man, left behind him a boundless legacy of good to future ages. Millions of people are to-day moulding pies with all the relish of expectant appetite, and how melancholy to think that not one of the motley millions knows the name of the dead benefactor! We should like, for our own part, to build a city, and adorn it; in the grand square, an obelisk to the immortal founder of the pie; in the chief park, an equestrian statue to the poet who devised turtle soup; on the chief crescent, a trophy to the fabricator of the first cutlet. Every street should be called after a famous dish or sauce. Your slayers of mankind, your clever taxers, your shrewd place-hunters, your cringing courtiers, your incompetent monarchs, should have no monuments in our city. But we would immortalise the great cooks, the captains who circumnavigated the world to bring home to our firesides new dishes.

Two pies loom large out of the dimness of our past experiences. They were and will always be historical pies to us. The first of these was a goose pie; it came either from Yorkshire or Durham. It was a Titanic pie. It was beautiful to look at, and its seasoning was inspiration. It was a huge tomb of a pie, with brown figures exquisite in design (so ran our boyish mind) as the frieze of the Elgin marbles. On the raised lid, baked flowers and fruit were displayed, and the brownest flower of the nose-gay served as a handle to open the pie. Within, coiled up and sleeping in concentric folds, lay all the eatable animals of Noah's Ark:—so it seemed to our hungry and excited vision. Day after day we came upon fresh strata, differing in tint and taste, yet all embedded in a transparent jelly which only genius could have fused into such a mould. What a conglomerate it was! The mere catalogue of the contents of that pie would be a small volume. It was an edible Chinese puzzle. There were, first and foremost, two young twin green geese (removed in the very April time of their sweet youth), one innocent tucked inside the other—folded, as it were, in the arms of his bigger brother—and both embalmed in salt, pepper, mace, allspice, and an ambury agglutination of jelly. They were boneless; for so the learned embalmers had wisely willed it. Then, in a snug and stately corner, lay a savoury turkey, brooding over a duck, a fowl, and a small covey of partridges, mingling and interchanging flavours. After a whole month's devotion to this pie, break-

ing into a bin of forcemeat with fine flavour of fresh herbs, we dug out (after much labour and research) the rosy tongue of some unknown animal. Somewhat later, a hare rewarded our exertions, hidden in a retired nook where it had secreted itself with the well-known cunning of that timid but delicious creature. That pie was as full of pleasant and strange surprises as Caliban's island was full of "sweet sounds" that gave delight and harmed not.

The second pie was a pigeon pie—a mere tartlet to the Yorkshire or Durham giant. It was an innocent little simple pie, of pigeons, with three stiff legs sticking up in the centre of the outer crust in a combined suicidal manner, or like the stalks of an extinct bouquet. It was a quiet sombre London Sunday morning when the pie began to be cooked in the oven of the nearest baker. We were just through the dark lane of a long fever, and we were weak, faint, nervous, restless. The family went to church. The bells ceased. The house grew deadly quiet. Just then hunger fairly set in and grew every moment more exacting in its demands. The leaden-footed hours—how they crawled as we sat there starving at the window! But we still remember our delight when the street at the church end began to darken with coats and brighten with ribbons. Presently the glum law stationer, opposite at Number Seven, returned home with his respectably miserable family, opened his door and went in, and then we heard the well-known family voices, and heard our knocker go; and then the pie—the pie—arrived from the baker's.

There is an old west country proverb that "the Devil never ventures west of the Tamar, for fear he should be put into a pie." There is, indeed, some warrant for this quaint proverb, for Devonshire people, either from an innate fondness for pie, or from a stolid and reckless English dislike to the trouble of cooking, have a tendency to put everything under crust. Ling, conger, shrimps, lobster, rooks, pilchard, leeks, oysters, turnips, parsley, potatoes—they are all inurned under the same roof of crust, and are all indiscriminately devoured. Of all the west country pies, squab pie is, in our humble estimation, the most incongruous and the most detestable. The odious composition is made of fat clumsy mutton chops, embedded in layers of sliced apples, shredded onions, and—O tempora! O mores!—brown sugar! The result is nausea, unsociability, and, in course of time, hatred of the whole human race. The greasy sugary, oniony taste is associated, in our mind, with the detested name of Bideford.

Of the fish pies of Cornwall and Devon, what can we say that is encouraging or satisfactory? Ling is a sickly unwholesome-looking fish, like a consumptive cod, and can never thrive—in or out of a pie. Cod is too dry and tasteless for a pie. Pilchard pie, mixed with leeks and filled up with scalded cream, announces its own horrors. Oyster pie, however, intermingled with slices of

sweetbread, and the faintest and most ethereal seasoning of salt, pepper, and mace, is a dish for the gods, painful to dwell upon when not on hand to refer to. Eel pie needs no eulogium. To us the eel pie is like the May bough and the cowslips. It recalls the brightest scenes of youth.

And now, by due sequence, we come to the emperor of pies, the *Roi des Rois*, le brave des braves, the Perigord pie. If Montepulciano be the king of Italian wines, as Redi has laid down in his jovial bacchanalian poem, the glorious pie of Perigord, the treasure-house of good things, is the potentate of all possible pies, as the haggis, according to Burns, is "the great chieftain of the pudding race." Into it are crowded all the choicest things of the sky, earth, and ocean. The very making of it is a pleasure. We revel over every item of the recipe. What an amusement for a wet day in the country!

You make a minced forcemeat of green truffles, and a little delicate cutting of basil, thyme, and knotted marjoram—rarest herbs of the garden. To these you add woodcocks' liver, a little fat bacon, a few currants, the flesh of a wild fowl, some pepper, and some salt. Then lard, with spikes of bacon, the breasts of two pheasants, two partridges, two woodcocks, and some moor game, divide the backs, sever the legs and wings, and place a whole pheasant, boned, in the centre. These are to be seasoned with white pepper, a little Jamaica pepper, salt, and mace. To receive these spoils of earth and air, construct a sarcophagus of classic form and of thick raised crust. Line this soft chest with slices of fine fat bacon. Pave it with stuffing, and on this pleasant bed lay the game with a light and loving hand, intermingled with whole green truffles fresh from the cool earth and lately routed out by the sagacious truffle-hunter's dog. If you crowd and squeeze them, too greedy for mere quantity, remember Perigord will boast one good pie the less. Spread over all soft carpets of white unctuous bacon, and inurn the whole under a thick crust. It must be baked with calmness and deliberation, for it takes a long time ripening in the oven.

The venison pasty of Mrs. Rundell and Soyer is, no doubt, to the pasty of Robin Hood and his wild men what the potato is to the peach, or the man who does the mackerel on the pavement to the divine Raphael of Urbino. That muscular creature the deer, not having natural fat enough about him, has to be supplemented by the fat of a loin of mutton soaked a whole day in port wine and vinegar in which rape seed has been steeped. The meat (previously rubbed with sugar, to give it shortness and flavour), has to be so cut up and distributed with its postscript of fat, so that the carver may find it without breaking up the pavement of the whole pie, or crushing in the roof. The dish must be strewn with pepper, salt, and butter, and inundated with half a pint of good gravy. And ladies, ye at least who love your lords,

remember the golden rule, that, as in our *paté de Perigord*, too close packing makes the meat under do; so, in this venison pasty, too loose packing makes the meat hard at the edges. It would be pleasant to eat such a pasty, with more hot gravy added through a funnel on its arrival steaming sweetly from the oven, under the feathery boughs of forest beech-trees in May time, got up in buff boots and green tunic, and to toss off malvoisie, and sing about the "merry greenwood," and the throstle, and the mavis, and merry men are we, and all the rest of it; but then the crust would probably be as heavy as lead under such circumstances, and the thing would never answer.

Let us turn to pies of a more feminine character—the pies of the orchard and of the garden. Our first recollection of fruit tarts is associated with our first visit to the country, when as boys we were pressed into the housekeeper's service and sent out into a long green thicket of a garden. There, first seeing fruit alive upon the tree, blooming and glowing with the life blood in its veins, we remember fancying ourselves in the garden of Eden, the housekeeper's very little daughter (ætat. twelve) our incomparable Eve. There, forgetful of the hours and careless of the hot widening sunshine, singing like twin wrens on the same bough of apple blossom; flowers at our feet, flowers around us, flowers above our heads, we sat on three-legged stools under the currant trees and stripped off the little beads of ruby and garnet, of white coral and of black blood colour, chattering all sorts of nonsense from fairy books. How white and vapouring the clouds when they every moment changed their shapes. How green and tender the grass on the lawn with the daisies and gold cups floating up to the surface like the fragments of gold leaf in Dantzic water. We remember with the keenness of yesterday our first impressions of the various flavours, the soft negative white currant, the sharp or more acid red, and that indescribable quality of the black, the dry stems and leaves of which are impregnated with the smell of the fruit. Then we had again (under supervision) to divest the fruit of their barren stalks, and our crowning delight was to see them piled round the tea-cup and roofed in from our gaze under a dome of paste. The blended flavour of the red currant and the velvety raspberry struck our boyish fancy as superlatively happy, the warm raspberry striking perfume through the juicier currants, while a libation of mellow cream over the whole made a dish fit for Olympus. The black currant tart, too, had a rougher charm of its own. The fruit, swollen in the baking, yielded so generous a flood of crimson black juice that we children dyed ourselves with it, lips and hands, into the semblance of ensanguined blackamoors.

Cherry picking was another delight, increased by the danger of falling from steps and ladders. What pleasure to reach up to the large shining jewels! Blackhearts or bigarons, some bitten

and punctured, and bleeding from the golden dagger-point of the blackbird's bill, others cleft to the very stones by the blue jay's beak. Then came the apricot picking, each orange-velvet fruit—freckled here and there with red, like the cheek of a country girl—had to be lifted from its stem with the tender care with which one lifts precious stones in and out of their white satin case. To see the presiding goddess in her stately way dismember these apricots, remove the clean nutmeg-coloured stone (not with the rosy windings of the coarser peach stone) and prepare them for preserving, by snowy dustings of white sugar was a special treat to us young epicures.

A curious old cookery book of 1710, written by one Patrick Lamb, fifty years a master cook to royalty, and who in his time had cooked for Charles the Second, James the Second, King William, and Queen Anne, contains one or two receipts for pies and tarts, which are interesting, as showing the culinary fashions of the seventeenth century. Mr. Patrick Lamb's cowslip tart may not be familiar to some of our readers, although the tart is mentioned by incomparable Mrs. Rundell. We have never tasted it, and presume it to be a mere culinary fantasy, with a pretty April name, which is ingratiating and full of the golden age. Mr. Lamb says, as if wishing to begin by giving his cook maid a holiday morning in the fields:

"Take the blossoms of a gallon of cowslips, mince them exceedingly small and beat them in a mortar; put to them a handful or two of grated Naples biskit, and about a pint and a half of cream; boil them a little over the fire, then take them off, and beat them in eight eggs with a little cream; if it does not thicken, put it over again, till it doth; take heed that it doth not curdle. Season with sugar, rose water, and a little salt; bake it in a dish or little open tartlet. It is best to let your cream be cold before you stir in the eggs.

Mr. Lamb's book contains a pretty series of pies arranged according to the months which they specially become. For January, oyster pie; for February, spring pie; for March, skerret pie; for April, buttered apple pie; for May, oringado pie; for June, humble pie (he shall eat humble pie—the inferior part of venison—a woodman's proverb); for July, potato pie; for August, cream tart; for September, lumber pie; for October, artichoke pie; for November, quince pie; for December, steak pie.

Delightful way of recording the changes of a year! Almost as good as an epicurean wine tour, once planned by our friend Professor Dreikopf. We were to begin with Rome and march straight from there on Montepulciano; thence, we were to take ship for Sicily, and examine the sites of the old Roman vintages. Germany would come next, we touching at each Rhenish town to taste its varieties of hock. Then came the claret, and the Burgundy, a delicious episode in champagne. Spain fol-

lowed Greece, and we were to wind up with a bottle of Lacrymæ Christi on the edge of the crater of Vesuvius.

### THE IMPOSTOR MÈGE.

A CERTAIN dervish once confided to a certain caliph that he (the dervish) had acquired the secret of throwing his own soul or spirit into any inanimate creature, thereby restoring it to life; and that, although by so doing his own body would become vacant and lifeless, he could, nevertheless, return to it at pleasure.

The caliph, incredulous, pointed to a dog that had just expired, and told him to throw his spirit into that. The dervish at once accepted the challenge, stretched himself at full length on the grass, and, after muttering sundry spells, to all appearance breathed his last. Instantly, the dead dog revived, and, running to the caliph, caressed him with such intelligence, and performed such singular feats at word of command, that there could remain no reasonable doubt of his being vivified by a human soul. As soon as the caliph was fully convinced, the dog in turn lay down and died, and the dervish's body returned to life.

The caliph insisted on knowing this wonderful secret, and on being himself able to perform the feat. The dervish stoutly refused at the outset; but, after great persuasion, yielded, as a proof of his devoted and disinterested friendship.

The caliph, we may guess, was not very long in putting his newly acquired faculty to the test. The dog once more was resuscitated, the caliph's body being, for the time, an unoccupied tenement. But it soon revived; too soon, in fact, for its owner's liking. The dervish took possession of it, and expressed his intention of keeping it. The poor caliph, therefore, forced to make his choice whether he would be a dog or a dervish, after reflection chose the latter; in which capacity he had the mortification of seeing his substitute coolly enter his palace and enjoy his privileges.

Strange as it may be, within quite recent times (historically speaking), men have succeeded in doing what the dervish did. The instance we are about to relate, is a modern case of stepping into a dead man's shoes.

At Manosque, a small town in the ancient province of Provence, there lived, about 1660, one Scipion Le Brun de Castellane, Seigneur of Caille and of Rougon. He had married, in 1655, the Demoiselle Judith le Gouche, of a good family belonging to the bar. Both husband and wife were Calvinists.

In 1685, Louis the Fifteenth, having revoked the Edict of 1598, called the Edict of Nantes, which granted tolerance and safe places of residence to Protestants, Le Brun de Castellane, like many other of his unfortunate countrymen, driven from his native land by Catholic intolerance, went and settled in Lausanne, Switzerland. The exiled family of the De

Cailles (the name they mostly went by) at that time consisted of five persons—Le Brun de Castellane, *Sieur de Caille*, his mother, his son, and two daughters. He had lost his wife, Judith le Gouche, six years previously, as well as two sons who had died in their infancy. Isaac, the eldest and only surviving son, was twenty-one years of age when they all left France. They were accompanied in their emigration by a Protestant minister, Bernard, young De Caille's tutor, as well as by several domestics.

In December, 1689, Louis the Fourteenth completed his work of intolerance by an edict of spoliation, which made over to their nearest relations the property of the Calvinist émigrés. At that date the De Caille family included only four members, one of the daughters having died in 1686. A few months after the edict of spoliation, the grandmother also died.

Amongst the relations of the De Cailles who remained in Provence, preferring the abjuration of their faith to exile, four presented themselves to claim what their nearest kin had been stripped of. Their names should be remembered, both because they all played a part in subsequent events, and because they were not all actuated by motives of mere selfishness. They were the Dame Rolland, born Anne le Gouche, own sister to the late Dame de Caille, and wife of a *Sieur Rolland*, *Avocat-Général* to the *Parlement* of Dauphiné—she was therefore aunt to young Isaac de Caille; a Dame Tardivi, related to the *Sieur de Caille*, the wife of a king's counsel at the Court of Grasse (a town not far distant from Manosque); a *Sieur Jean Pousset*, of Cadenet; and a *Sieur de Muges*. This last pretended to represent a trustee on behalf of the rights of the exiled family.

A decree of the *Parlement* of Provence, dated June 30th, 1680, nonsuited De Muges, adjudged to the Dame Tardivi for the greater part, and to Pousset for the rest, the property coming from the father's side, amounting to an income of about twelve thousand livres (francs) a year—in those days a considerable sum—and assigning to the Dame Rolland the maternal property, valued at two thousand five hundred livres per annum.

On the 15th of February, 1696, Isaac de Caille, *Sieur de Rougon*, Le Brun de Castellane's last surviving son, died at Vevay of a *maladie de langueur*—a general weakness or wasting away. The unhappy father, after being thus deprived of the last hope of seeing his name continued, acquainted his relations in Provence with his sad bereavement. The Dame Rolland, who, awaiting better times for her nephew, had taken care of his little property, now disposed of it, in favour of the poor inmates of the *Charité* of Manosque. The deed of gift, dated December 5th, 1698, which gratified that community with the *Sieur de Caille's* residence and an annual income of eight hundred livres, assigned the *Sieur de Caille de Rougon's* death as her motive for doing so.

Let us now pass on to the month of March, 1699, at which time M. de Vauvray, intendant

of the navy at Toulon, was waited on by a certain Abbé Renoux, accompanied by an individual whose appearance was by no means prepossessing. This latter professed to be the son of the *Sieur de Caille*, and related the following story: His father, the *Sieur de Caille*, having taken an aversion to him in consequence of his inaptitude for study, and especially for his inclination to the Catholic religion, had ill treated him to such an extent that he was obliged to run away from the paternal mansion. Brought back to Lausanne repeatedly, by friends or relations of the family, he nevertheless contrived to effect his escape, in consequence of which he was kept so close a prisoner, night and day, that, but for a servant-maid's assistance, he would never have been able to break loose from captivity. On that occasion, his father being asleep, he took forty louis d'or from his pocket, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Feeling constantly a strong desire to enter into the true religion, he, De Caille, junior—this individual added—resolved to go to Provence. On his way there, he had been first arrested by Savoyard soldiers, and compelled to enlist, and was then taken prisoner by a French corps, commanded by M. de Catinat. Presented to the *maréchal* as the young De Caille, he stated his intentions, told his adventures, and received from him a passport for France.

"Once arrived at Nice," the individual continued, "I engaged in the militia of Provence. One day, when on guard at the governor's house, I saw a *maître d'hôtel* carrying a silver bowl engraved with the arms of my family, which my father had been obliged to sell, together with the rest of his plate, in order to cover the expenses of our flight to Switzerland. The remembrance of that sad event afflicted me sorely. I was unable to restrain my tears; and as they inquired the cause of my grief, 'I have good reason for sorrow,' I replied, showing my seal, on which the same arms were engraved. The *Chevalier de la Fare*, then in command at Nice, hearing of the incident, sent for me, and made me tell my story. From that day, he treated me with distinction."

M. de Vauvray, interested in the adventure, put a few questions to this supposed young De Caille. He inquired, for instance, what motive had induced to make such a mystery of his real name and position ever since his arrival in Provence. For, from the Nice affair up to the present time, there was a gap in young De Caille's history. His explanation was that, wishing to revisit his native town, he had gone secretly to Manosque, where one of his nurses had recognised him; but that, knowing the severity of the laws, and not yet having abjured Protestantism, he was afraid of being taken for a Huguenot spy. His desire of embracing the Catholic religion, which grew stronger and stronger every day, was the sole cause which induced him to open his mouth.

From all this, M. de Vauvray could make out one thing clearly—namely, that here was an opportunity of gaining a convert. Now,

conversions were favourably looked on at court. The Jesuits, who guided the individual's movements, loudly claimed the honour of bringing this lost sheep back to the fold; and they crammed him so well with religious instruction, that five weeks after his appearance on the scene they pronounced him fit to abjure his errors. The ceremony took place in Toulon cathedral, on the 10th of April, 1699, the Grand-Vicaire officiating.

Several details of this act require to be noticed. By it, young De Caille took the names of André d'Entrevergues, son of Scipion d'Entrevergues, Sieur de Caille, and of the late Dame *Suzanne de Caille*, and gave his age as *twenty-three*. Now, De Caille the father called himself *Le Brun de Castellane*, Seigneur de Caille and de *Rougou*, and had never in any public act taken the name of d'Entrevergues, although he had the right to do so; and his wife, the Demoiselle *Judith Le Gouche*, had never assumed her husband's name, which would have been contrary to the manners of the day. Moreover, we know that, in 1699, young De Caille would have been thirty-five instead of twenty-three years of age.

The imposture was glaring; but no one at the time took the trouble to see through it. Only M. de Vauvray, who witnessed the act of abjuration, was greatly astonished to hear young De Caille declare that he could not write! He more than suspected they had been taken in. But the Jesuits were so proud of their acquisition that he did not care to disturb their triumph. In the then excited state of religious passions, the abjuration made a great noise: so much noise that the news soon reached Lausanne.

M. de Caille was thunderstruck on learning that his son, who had died three years ago in Switzerland, had lately been renouncing his heresy in Provence. He lost no time in informing M. de Vauvray, though the Dame Rolland, that some adventurer must have assumed his name for dishonest purposes; and he supported his statement by a legal certificate proving that his son had died in Switzerland on the 15th of February, 1696. He also entered a formal protest, by letter of attorney, against the imposture.

M. de Vauvray, whose eyes were already opened, did not wait for a second application from the injured father. He ordered the impostor to be arrested; and, that step taken, one would have said that the whole matter would soon come to an end. But the false De Caille was a soldier in the Marine, under the superior orders of M. d'Infréville, who commanded all the troops at Toulon. Conflict between M. d'Infréville and M. de Vauvray. The dispute had to be referred to the court. M. de Pontchartrain, minister of state, mentioned the affair to the king, who, on the 11th of June, ordered the impostor to the Arsenal (where the galley-slaves are), and to be handed over to the judge ordinary, to be tried in the regular way—which was done forthwith. On the 19th

of June the false De Caille was examined for the first time, at his own request.

The interrogatory is full of plain proofs of imposture. When pressed about the difference in the names in his own declarations and the documents received from Switzerland, he replied that he had never exactly known his own real name; that his father had always given him that of D'Entrevergues de Rougon de Caille; that he believed he was twenty-five years of age (previously he had said twenty-three); that he had never known his mother's maiden name; that he never knew who were his godfather and godmother; that he was ten years old when they left Manosque! Every answer betrayed a singular ignorance of the antecedents of the person whom he pretended to represent.

How had it happened that, born in the upper ranks of society, he could neither read nor write? It was the fault of his eyes, which were weak from his birth. Of the name of the street, and even of the quarter in which the paternal mansion was situated in Manosque, he could give no indication. What were its interior arrangements? He knew nothing about them; though he could give a very correct description of its outside appearance. How many children had his father? He answered, three. What was his father like? He described him as having black hair and beard and a brown complexion; whereas M. de Caille had light brown hair, a red beard, and a white face. Certainly, the débutant had studied his part very imperfectly.

Nevertheless, the Marine (as he is henceforth called in the trial), at the close of his examination, applied to the lieutenant-criminel of Toulon to be set at liberty and put in possession of his property. However ignorant he might be of the most essential facts, he showed no symptoms of fear or embarrassment. He himself caused the result of his examination to be signified to the Dame Rolland, to the Sieurs Tardivi and Consorts (Jean Pousset), and even to relations of the Sieur de Caille, who had no interest in the exile's property.

The Dame Rolland protested, and declared her intention to pursue the impostor in a criminal court. An ordonnance of the lieutenant-criminel (16th September, 1699) decided that the Marine should be taken to Manosque and elsewhere, to be confronted with whoever would recognise or disavow him; and he himself urged that that measure should be put in execution. M. Rolland appealed on behalf of his wife, and obtained leave to lay an information against the Marine for assuming a name which belonged to another person, and to prove that the pretended De Caille, the son, was no other than one Pierre Mège, the son of a galley-slave, well known in Provence for twenty years past. In fact, there were people who, without the slightest hesitation, recognised, in the false De Caille, this same Pierre Mège, of Marseilles, who had been enrolled at Toulon in the body of the Marines.

It is now time to state how Pierre Mège, alias Sans-Regret, conceived the strange idea of personating young De Caille.

One day he happened to be sipping his chopine of wine in a dark corner of a public-house in Toulon, when there entered three men whose patois told him they were natives of Upper Provence—that they came from Forcalquier and Manosque. One of them, who had only just come from home to sell little alabaster images in Toulon, treated the others to gossip about their relations and friends. The De Cailles, before the Revocation of the Edict, had been the great folk of the neighbourhood. Once so rich and powerful, now poor and in exile, their misfortunes furnished an endless theme. They talked of the ancient château of the De Cailles, a seigneurial residence falling to ruins; of the death of Isaac, the last surviving son; of the deed of gift made by the Dame Rolland to the Charité of Manosque; and of the considerable fortune which must one day revert to the Le Gouches and the Rollands at the death of the last of the Lausanne exiles.

When the trio rose to depart, Mège accosted them and said, "You were speaking just now of Isaac de Caille, who seems to have died in Switzerland. Have any of you seen him? Would you know him again?"

"No," replied a Manoscaïn; "but we have at Toulon the carpenter, La Violette, from the same place, who knew the whole family well, and who certainly would know young De Caille again, if by chance he were not dead."

"Much obliged, messieurs. When you see La Violette, tell him to favour me with a call. If he ask in the port for Sans-Regret, the Marine, he will have no difficulty in finding me out. I may, perhaps, be able to communicate something that will be to his profit as well as to his pleasure."

A few days afterwards, the carpenter went to see Sans-Regret, who (according to his own subsequent account), received him with, "How are you, La Violette? Don't you recollect me?"

To which the carpenter replied, "You are the son of my former master."

What really passed between the two men cannot be told with any certainty; neither of them had an interest in confessing the truth. But what is certain is, that shortly afterwards the Marine, Pierre Mège, alias Sans-Regret, the carpenter La Violette, and De Muges the trustee's relation, made common cause; that La Violette assisted the Marine in his first advances to M. de Vauvray; and that their testimony was the first that was given in proof of the Marine's identity with Isaac de Caille.

When the Marine, during his examination, was charged with being Pierre Mège in reality, he was not disconcerted in the least; frankly avowing at once that he had borne that name, which, however, was not his own. He explained that it had happened thus:

After the Nice adventure, he was obliged to live somehow, while waiting for a favourable opportunity of claiming his real name, De Caille.

The militia having been disbanded, he betook himself to Marseilles with an empty purse. No sooner had he arrived there, than he fell in with a certain Honorade Venelle, the wife of one Pierre Mège, who was living with her mother and her two sisters-in-law. The husband was absent; the wife remiss in her conjugal duties. All those women, moreover, had been brought up in the reformed religion, which they had abjured only through fear and constraint. It was a further tie between them and the Marine. He confessed to them the secret of his birth, and his desire to regain his rightful position; they advised him to conceal his name and his faith a little longer; and, to make things pleasant, Honorade consented that he should pass for her absent husband—for Pierre Mège.

This tale was a calumny on poor Honorade, who was *not* unfaithful to an absent spouse, seeing that the Marine, then present, was the injured husband, Pierre Mège himself in the flesh.

To continue our worthy hero's story. He enlisted, under this borrowed name, in 1693, on board the galley *La Fidèle*; he served in it three years, and was then discharged. Returned to Marseilles, he tried to maintain himself by selling a certain balm, which, he declared, his grandmother, the Dame de Caille, had taught him to make. As this speculation scarcely kept the pot boiling, there was no help for it but to enlist again, which he did, in 1697, at Toulon, still under the pseudonym of Pierre Mège, to which he added the soubriquet of Sans-Regret.

Such was his account of himself. On the other hand, out of twenty witnesses brought forward by the Sieur Rolland, several who had pursued their studies together with young De Caille declared that this person was not he; several others recognised in him Pierre Mège, who had been in the Marines ever since 1676. To all this the Marine, never losing his presence of mind, opposed the most peremptory denial; he even attacked his adversaries, whenever there was an opportunity. He demanded to be confronted with M. Rolland, in the presence of the judges. He then maintained, with unflinching eye and unwavering voice, that he had seen him at Geneva; that, since his own abjuration, he (Rolland), a magistrate and professed Catholic, had secretly partaken of the Lord's Supper in the grand "temple" there, as the French call Protestant places of worship. He minutely described M. Rolland's dress, the horse he rode, and the whole of his equipage. After this piece of barefaced impudence, intended to work on popular prejudices, he succeeded in obtaining an order to have further litigation transferred to Aix.

Meanwhile, M. de Caille, the father, on the 1st of January, 1700, sent his power of attorney to the Procureur of the Parlement of Provence, with full instructions to prosecute the impostor, who, if guilty, would be liable to capital punishment. To these he added a full judicial report, drawn up at Lausanne and Vevay, respecting the life, the illness, and the death, of his son.

The certificate of death, legalised by the French ambassador in Switzerland, was not admitted as proof by the Toulon judge, the only proof received in France being an extract from the register of burials. Now, at that time, it was not usual to keep registers of burials in Switzerland. This absurd and pedantic refusal had afterwards its influence.

The Marine gained his point in being permitted to work upon popular passion and credulity. He was taken to Manosque, to Caille, and to Rougon; his journey was one long triumph. He made his entry into those places between ranks of enthusiastic gossips who had made up their minds to receive him as the young De Caille. He himself recognised several of the people present, addressing them by name, and recalling circumstances of their childhood. He gazed at the houses attentively, inquiring the reason of alterations that had been made during his absence. Evidently he had prepared his ground. His secret visit to Manosque should not be forgotten, nor his correct knowledge of the outside of buildings, together with his complete ignorance of their interior.

Throughout the long, long, legal controversy which followed, attempts were repeatedly made to gain over public opinion by exciting its fanaticism. For instance, in a circular letter sent to the clergy, we find: "You are entreated to have prayers in your church in behalf of M. de Caille, a gentleman of Provence, disavowed by his father for having embraced the Catholic religion. . . . This is an affair of religion, and the cause of God himself."

At last on the fourteenth of July, 1806, *six years* after its first hearing of the case, and after *fifty* audiences dispersed over those six years, the Court of Aix pronounced the following strange judgment:

It dismissed the demands of Le Gouche, Tardivi, and Consorts; it declared the said Entrevergues to be the veritable Isaac Le Brun de Castellane, the son of Scipion Le Brun de Castellane, Sieur de Caille and de Rougon, and of Judith Le Gouche, his father and mother. It adjudged him all their goods and heritages, with restitution of the fruits thereof from the 16th of December, 1702, with damages, to be assessed by experts. It allowed proceedings to be taken against the Sieur Rolland (Advocate General to the Parlement of Grenoble) and Consorts, for subornation of witnesses, calumny, and corruption of domestics; and it condemned the said Le Gouche, Tardivi, and Consorts to all the costs.

The motives which led the Judges of Aix to this decision seemed to be; first, that it was useless to waste their time over the proofs of the death of a man whom they had alive and well before their eyes; secondly, that they ought to give the benefit of any doubt to the defendant, who was already in possession of the disputed individuality; thirdly, that two witnesses in the affirmative ought to be preferred to a thousand witnesses in the negative. What a specimen of sophism and of begging the question

to exhibit at the close of the vaunted age of Louis the Fourteenth!

The Aix judgment had not yet gone forth to the world, and M. de Boyer d'Aguille, who was charged with its execution, had not yet received his formal instructions, when the coarse impostor for whom the Parlement of Provence had just compromised its honour, hastened to put his judges to shame by multiplied proofs both of his folly and his infamy. At the very beginning of August, Aix was surprised with the news that the new Isaac de Caille was to marry Mademoiselle Serre, of Toulon. Now Madame Serre, the young lady's mother, was cousin german to M. de Villeneuve, one of the Aix judges, and nearly related to the above-named M. de Boyer d'Aguille, the reporter of the case. This circumstance explained the whole proceeding. If the insolvent, Pierre Mège, had been able to meet the heavy expenses of the lawsuit for nearly seven years, it was because M. Serre had supplied the funds, and his relations in the Parlement of Provence had guaranteed the issue.

The marriage of the person whom we will still call the Marine was celebrated with suspicious haste, M. Serre having obtained a dispensation exempting them from the publication of banns. On the day when the marriage contract was signed, the Marine gave his father-in-law a claim on his property for the sum of eighteen thousand livres. Once in possession, the false De Caille pillaged, dissipated, sold, the property thus wrested from the Rollands and the Tardivis. He turned everything into money, even the contents of the bee-hives. Nor did he forget to pay the creditors of that poor fellow, Pierre Mège, to whom he was under such obligations.

The first effect of this unexpected marriage was to call forth the claims of the Marine's old accomplice, La Violette, the carpenter. At the outset of his career, when De Muges and La Violette were his only supporters, he had promised the carpenter to marry his sister-in-law, a Toulon shoemaker's daughter, and to provide for his family. The banns had even been published; but the Marine, while under a cloud, had been obliged to defer the project, and the favoured of the Parlement of Provence remembered to forget it. A still graver fault was his conduct at Manosque. In spite of his fine promises, he lost no time in expelling from the mansion there, the poor inmates and the Sisters of La Charité. He had also the upstart vanity—which must have greatly disgusted his partisans—to have his portrait engraved, with the legend in capitals, "Isaac Le Brun de Castellane, Seigneur De Caille et De Rougon, âgé de 37 ans en 1707." To this were appended half a dozen lines of doggerel:

Capricious Fortune will'd to try  
From early youth my constancy<sup>1</sup>  
Of birthright robb'd, I had to brave  
A false consignment to the grave.  
But Heav'n, the storm and tempest past,  
Has brought me into port at last.

It was premature of the Marine to shout and swagger before he was fairly out of the wood. A storm was brewing which he little expected.

Honorade Venelle, his real wife, had prudently kept quiet during the lawsuit, having, doubtless, been led to expect that, when once it was gained, her silence would be handsomely recompensed. It is probable that the Marine, puffed up with a victory which he regarded as final, sent adrift the former companion of his joys. She, however, although she might have winked at his infidelity had it been softened by the promised salve, had no notion of losing at once her money-reward and her husband. Possibly the Rollands and the Tardivis got wind of her anger, and turned it to their own account; for at the very same time that they took the only step now open to them—an appeal to the Privy Council to reverse the sentence—Honorade accused the traitor of bigamy. That done, she disappeared—her wisest plan; for the Court of Aix, smitten on the cheek by her claim to be the new De Caille's wife, implying that he and Pierre Mège were one and the same, ordered her to be arrested and put in prison.

The king's Privy Council had not, like the present Court of Cassation in France, a definite power and jurisdiction. Favour availed more with it than justice. In this case it was considerably influenced by a diplomatic incident occasioned by the contemptuous disregard with which the Tribunal of Toulon and the Court of Aix had treated legal documents duly authenticated in Switzerland. The result arrived at, after long argumentation, on the 17th of March, 1712, was, summarily, that the soldier of marines was *not* Isaac le Brun de Castellane; that he was forbidden henceforth to assume that title and quality, or to trouble the said Le Gouches and Tardivis in the possession and enjoyment of the goods left by the said Scipion le Brun and Judith le Gouche, under pain of a fine of one thousand livres; that the said Pierre Mège, called in the suit the soldier of marines, be taken bodily and conducted to the prisons of the Conciergerie du Palais, to be heard and interrogated concerning the facts touching the crime of bigamy.

Poor Magdelaine Serre, the victim of her parent's greed, sent in a demurrer to this decree, supported by the arguments of able counsel; but it availed her nothing, except to delay Mège's trial for bigamy. He was greatly surprised at being caught in that way, for he fancied himself safe from all attacks, except those which concerned his imposture. And he cheated justice, after all, by dying in prison before sentence could be pronounced upon him.

Gayot de Pitaval, who followed and reported the long-lawsuit, if not clearly and concisely, at least with good sense, had occasion to visit Mège in prison. He had with him there a

long conversation, the details of which, unfortunately, he has not given. He contents himself with simply stating that he twisted himself into a hundred shapes, in order to get at the bottom of the rogue; but that the latter, more slippery than an eel, avoided every admission that could compromise himself. "All that I could discover," he adds, "was that he was gifted with extraordinary cunning, hiding itself under apparent stupidity."

A detailed description of Mège's person, drawn up by medical and surgical experts, to ascertain what resemblance he might have to any of the De Caille family, does not convey the impression that either Honorade or Made-moiselle Serre need have been inconsolable for his loss:

Puny frame, weakly constitution, lean and thin; shrill voice; effeminate expression of countenance; dull white, colourless, and pallid skin; Socratic nose; thin lips, the lower one protruding; pointed chin; very scanty beard; watery lacklustre eyes, approaching nearer to olive-green than to any other colour; besides sundry other corporeal peculiarities much too curious to mention.

What was most strange, and what must have been most displeasing to behold, was that one half of his face (and, indeed, of his person generally) was dissimilar to the other half; one nostril was larger than the other; one cheek-bone (both high) higher than the other; one eyebrow garnished with twice as many hairs as the other.

## FAREWELL SERIES OF READINGS

BY

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

MESSES. CHAPPELL AND Co. beg to announce that, knowing it to be the determination of MR. DICKENS finally to retire from Public Reading soon after his return from America, they (as having been honoured with his confidence on previous occasions) made proposals to him while he was still in the United States achieving his recent brilliant successes there, for a final FAREWELL SERIES OF READINGS in this country. Their proposals were at once accepted by MR. DICKENS, in a manner highly gratifying to them.

The Series will commence in the ensuing autumn, and will comprehend, besides London, some of the chief towns in England, Ireland, and Scotland. It is scarcely necessary for MESSES. CHAPPELL AND Co. to add that any announcement made in connexion with these FAREWELL READINGS will be strictly adhered to, and considered final; and that on no consideration whatever will MR. DICKENS be induced to appoint an extra night in any place in which he shall have been once announced to read for the last time.

All communications to be addressed to MESSES. CHAPPELL AND Co., 60, New Bond-street, London, W.

On the 12th instant will be published, bound in cloth, price 5s. 6d.

## THE NINETEENTH VOLUME.

END OF THE NINETEENTH VOLUME.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

